

ON VETERAN FURLOUGH

The Surrender of an Ohio Regiment
without a Shot Fired.

BISCUITS, NOT BULLETS.

The Baggage Guard Meet an
Old Friend Whose
Name is John.

COLD COLUMBUS.

"This also which They Have
Done Shall Be Spoken of
as a Memorial."

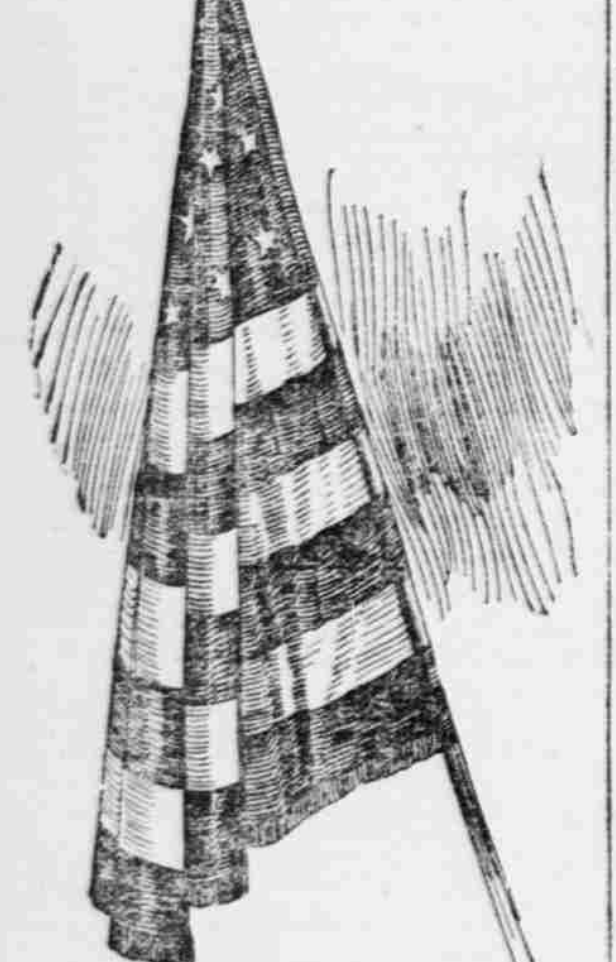
BY J. P. ROSS, LIEUTENANT, CO. H, 78TH
OHIO, INDIANOLA, IOWA.

HE Encampment held recently at Indianapolis seems to have been fully up to the average in numbers and enthusiasm, and if properly sized up by some of our boys from the West, to whose recitals we have listened, as well as from accounts that have been written, we are led to the conclusion that in the matters of welcome and entertainment it surpassed, not all, perhaps, but most of those hitherto held.

It is not my wish, however, to criticize, or even invite discussion relative to this matter—for all have done nobly and are certainly deserving of highest commendation—but to relate a circumstance, or pleasant episode, if you please, which dates back to a time when deeds counted for more, yes, or more, with the boys in blue than much of the

USH AND BLASTED of 20 or 30 years later, and is descriptive of the zeal and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause for which we struggled, and exhibits the timely and boundless hospitality extended, upon one occasion in particular, by the patriotic and Union-loving people of the beautiful Hub City, who opened wide the doors of their hearts as well as of their homes, and so royally entertained the boys of '61-'65, during the occasion of their 27th annual lovefeast, held a few months ago.

On the 20th of March, 1864, having re-organized, the regiment of which the writer was a member, the 78th Ohio, started from



FLAG OF THE 78TH OHIO.

Vicksburg for Columbus, O., for the 30 days on our own State promised us.

Arriving at Cairo, Ill., we exchanged transport for rail, and were soon being hurried across the beautiful prairie lands of that State toward our destination.

Night at length began to spread her inky mantle over the landscape, and the boys, weary from their comfortless and almost sleepless journey over the serpentine stream, oilied themselves down as best they could to obtain their much-needed rest.

Word had been FLASHED AHEAD that a train carrying the 78th Ohio had left Cairo, and would arrive at Indianapolis about midnight, hence there was a "rustle in camp," and a scheme concocted by the wide-awake people with a view to giving us a "warm reception."

They had evidently expected to catch us napping. So they did, for scarcely had the train stopped when a dash was made by a squad placed on outpost duty in front of the depot and the commanding officer captured, who, without waiting to consult with his subordinates, yielded to terms of capitulation proposed by the wily strategists, and before the boys were aware, or many awake, the entire command—three Sergeants excepted—were handed over to the mercy of the triumphant victors to be led away captive by them at their will. So wisely and successfully had they planned and got in their work, that frequent attempts by the Johnnies in the same direction were put to shame, and seemed to have been worse than

a farce. But it makes a difference, you know, what kind of tactics are used.

In less time, almost, than it takes to tell it, the boys had been roused from their slumbers, formed in line, right-faced, and were being marched off to—no one seemed to know whither or what for.

Presently, however, a door leading into a large building is reached and they enter, not a Libby with its grimy walls and ghostly inmates, there to face starvation in its dreary form, but to their astonishment a brilliantly-lighted hall, in which stood long tables covered with white spreads, upon which had been placed a superabundance of everything that even the most fastidious appetite might crave.

So sudden had been the transition that some were heard to declare (jokingly, of course) that in their half-dazed condition they could scarce bring themselves to believe that they had not in reality been translated from a terrestrial into a celestial realm. After all it was reality, and not a myth. Those forms which flitted hither and thither, faces lit up and radiant with smiles of welcome, and hands so ready to extend

Further than this deponent saith not. After a time we slept; and O, what a time, and what a sleep. Station after station was reached and passed, but we slept. The powerful iron horse dashed ahead, jolking and swaying the car at a fearful rate, as we realized later, but our slumbers were undisturbed. Methinks it would have required a collision of more than ordinary magnitude to break the spell and release us from the arms of Morpheus's loving embrace.

Indianapolis was reached; the boys were roused from their peaceful repose, formed and marched off to the feast prepared, and returned, and still we held our positions in the car, guarding the baggage.

But suddenly they lay siege to the car, now remembering that we were in there, and they woke us up all right enough. Great snakes, what a racket!

"Hello, there; open this door quick," was the first thing to greet our astonished ears. The door being unfastened and shoved back, we were made to understand by a half-dozen voices, all talking at once, that the baggage had to be transferred to another car, across the platform, and as the "hour and a half"

was up, and they wanted to pull out, it must be done quickly. The boys sympathize deeply, and so pitch in and help move the stuff, and we are off. During the few minutes only that were required to complete this work, we had caught enough from the broken sentences of "Wasn't it grand—that coffee, those biscuits," etc., to settle it in our minds that we had been "left" badly.

Once more on the wing, we got a full recital, to which we replied on the strength of borrowed consolation: "Never mind; when we get to Columbus you won't find us asleep."

Now, comrades, one moment to reflection, then we must hasten. Many, very many, of those ever-cheerful and light-hearted boys, but equally as determined and unflinching when tried, then in the prime and vigor of young manhood, who participated in the joyousness of that memorable event, have grown weary and faint in the march and struggle of life and laid down to rest. The absence of their names from the annual roster serves naturally as a sad reminder that they have passed the boundaries of time. But they are not forgotten.

Those who linger still in the shades of eventide are widely separated, and those whom I have met since coming to Iowa 23 years ago I can count on the fingers of one hand, but, confident of their united and hearty approval, I wish to say, all honor to those noble and generous-hearted wives and daughters of the pleasant home city of our

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ened the census of that "burg"—ice-berg. I was going to say—as suddenly and effectively as if struck by a seaboard cyclone full-fledged.

"But," someone might ask, "weren't the boys entertained all right when the Encampment was held at that place a few years ago?"

Yes, certainly, and let due credit be given; but I am dealing with old scores just now. At Zanesville, our home city, from where, one bleak, snowy day more than two years before, we had started posthaste for Fort Donelson, we had a gala-day of sunshine, happy greetings, a welcome which came from hearts filled with overflowing joy, a magnificent dinner, etc., after which we separated and hastened to our homes, where for the next 30 days we abode upon the very summit of the mount.

Now, I should like very much to hear from some of the old war-timers of the Hoosier Capital City, from comrades of the 78th; and, trusting to distance as a tolerably reliable safeguard to my scalp, I will add, from my very highly-esteemed bunkmates also.

SOMETHING GROWLED. A Story Showing Just What Should Be Done With an Escaped Wild Beast.

A circus train had been smashed up at the junction, many of the cages had been broken and their occupants had had a chance to escape to the woods and fields. While we were waiting for the wrecking crew to clear the debris away, an old dorky with a business look about him approached the circus manager and asked: "Boss, do I git anything if I catch de giraffe what got got away last night?"

"No giraffe got away," was the reply. "Wall, I cotched sunthin' ober on my place dat must have got away from somebody. My old woman dun says it's a giraffe, but mebbe it's a clefant."

"On elephants are all here, but one of the camels is gone." "Mebbe it's a camel. I nebber seed no camel. He ain't got no wings nor nuffin."

"Does it look like a horse or a cow?" "No, sah. My boy Henry says it's a noscoros, but I've a leetle suspecious dat it ain't."

"We have no rhinoceros, but it may be our sacred bull from India." "Does yo'r sacred bull growl like a dawg an' show his teef?"

"No." "Does he walk around a nigger's cabin an' take a dog by the neck an' shake de life outter him an' run an' run?"

"No. It must be one of our lions! You don't mean to say you have captured a lion?" "Can't say, boss. It's suthin' dat grows an' roars an' switches his tail. Him didn't wanner cum along, but I jest tied a rope around his neck an' made him. He's tied up to dat tree ober dar, an' I reckon yo' arter gimme 'bout two bits for my trouble."

THE GREAT BLOCKADE.

Closing of Southern Ports During the War.

ENGLAND'S INTEREST.

Increase of Shipbuilding with the View to Illegitimate Commerce.

VALUABLE PRIZES.

Efficiency of the Federal Blockaders Along the Coast.

BY WILLIAM SIMMONS, 1432 WHARTON STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the great struggle for the preservation of the Union closed. The scars of that war are now visible only in the graveyards of the Nation and upon the bodies of the surviving participants. Suffice it to say that the brave volunteers of the Union army and navy won the fight, and it is the object of this article to show, in a measure, the great efforts put forward by one of the most important factors in the stupendous struggle, and which eventually drove the rebels to the "last ditch" at Appomattox.

At the commencement of hostilities the navy was in such a weak condition that the rebels flattered themselves that they had



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little to fear from the "Yankee" Government so far as a navy was concerned; and when, after mature consideration, the Government declared the coast from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande to be under blockade, the Secessionists looked upon the declaration as something ridiculous, while England treated it with

UNDISGUISED CONTEMPT. Notwithstanding the weak condition of the navy, the Secretary, Gideon Welles, took immediate steps for the establishment of a vigilant blockade along an extent of coast over 3,000 miles in length, when it was accomplished, England, with all her sneers, prejudice, and open preference for the seceding States, was forced to acknowledge one of the most striking and wonderful features of the civil war.

As we look back, after the lapse of so many years, we wonder how the venerable Secretary, who bore in silence the ridicule and abuse of the press, managed to accomplish the stupendous task assigned to him. English capitalists saw in the American conflict an opportunity to enrich themselves, and quick were they to take advantage of it. They spared no expense or trouble to produce steamers to break through the lines of restriction and bid defiance to the sacred laws of neutrality, for they confidently believed that the Southern Confederacy would triumph, and that in the near future the rich country, with its towering marts of cotton and tobacco, would be laid at their feet.

So their skilled mechanics were put to work in their great shipyards. The roar of furnaces and the ring of hammers were soon heard throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, while the common topic of conversation was blockade-running.

The steamers built upon the Clyde soon made themselves famous by their speed and beauty of model, and nothing was left undone to increase their chances of success. They were long, narrow, side-wheel craft, painted a lead-color, which blended well with the horizon and the gray dawn of day, which was their favorite time for

RUNNING THROUGH THE LINES of blockaders. They were provided with noiseless machinery and the simplest of

rigs, with two very light masts, which in many of them could, by a simple contrivance, be lowered and stretched along the deck within a few minutes, and as their iron hulls lay low in the water it required eyes of more than ordinary power to detect the spectral forms as they stole along in the gray dawn of early morning.

The danger attached to blockade-running was no drawback to the hardy Englishmen and Scotchmen that manned the swift, Clyde-built steamers, and it was essential to success that the crews should be composed of men of nerve and courage. To such men the trade was fascinating, and as the emoluments derived from it were far above the profits of any other business, the danger was only a secondary consideration.

The principal English ports for blockade-runners were Nassau, N. P., and Bermuda. A trip from either port to "Dixie" and return, including the time consumed in discharging and shipping cargo, usually occupied from 15 to 20 days under favorable circumstances—the distance being about 600 miles each way. But it often happened that circumstances were anything but favorable, and the runners would be compelled to lie in port for weeks together ere a favorable chance to run out presented itself.

The crew of a regular blockade-runner, carrying both freight and passengers, numbered about 40 persons all told. The Captain received the enormous salary of \$5,000 (gold) per month, while the First, Second and Third Mates received \$600, \$300 and \$200, respectively; the deckhands, or "roustabouts," as they were called in the South, received \$100 per trip. Besides the regular salary, every man of the crew was given the privilege of investing a small amount on his own account. The articles selected for the private trade were usually of not a bulky nature, and could easily be stowed away in their chests. They consisted of articles of luxury and household necessities, all of which netted them a profit of from 400 to 500 per cent.

On the arrival of a blockade-runner in any of the neutral ports, loaded with cotton, 10 or 15 bales, according to weight of cargo,



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divided among the crew as a REWARD FOR FAITHFULNESS. The prices of goods of all kinds in Dixie during the war were so high, and the scarcity so great, that only the most wealthy could indulge in the luxuries. For instance, a piece of beef, adequate for a family of four, cost \$10, gold; a pound of tea, \$15; a barrel of flour, \$50; a pound of baking-soda, worth eight cents in Nassau, sold for \$1 in Dixie; a pair of common-made shoes, \$50; and other things in proportion.

All vessels bound for Dixie carried cargoes of provisions, dress goods, medicines, and war material. On the return trip tobacco and cotton were invariably the cargo. Cotton worth eight cents per pound in Wilmington sold for 80 and 90 cents in Bermuda. When a runner made one successful trip she was considered to have paid for itself, and every subsequent trip was consequently clear profit. The private ventures of the Captain and his chief officers usually realized to them a handsome profit of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per trip. It was considered a piece of good fortune with the people of any of the blockaded ports to be connected or interested in a blockade-runner, for it insured at least a partial supply of the comforts and luxuries of life; for the ladies, an occasional silk dress or a bonnet, making them the envy of their townswomen; for the gentlemen, a supply of wines, cigars, etc. In the first year of the war, luxuries of all kinds formed part of the cargo of a Dixie-bound blockade-runner; but as the war progressed, and the blockade became more stringent, and, in consequence,

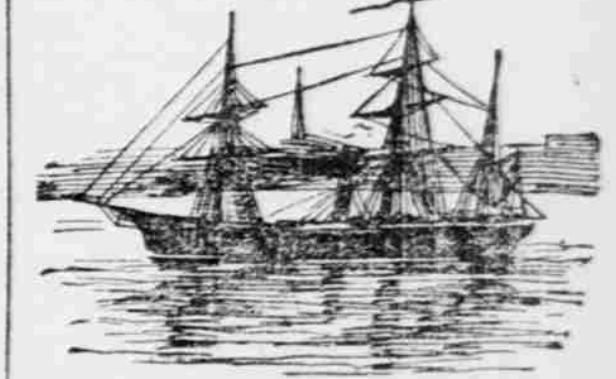
PROVISIONS MORE SCARCE, the rebel Government issued an edict forbidding the importation of luxuries, restricting the cargoes of runners entirely to those articles which the South needed in its military operations, or which contributed to the supply of the actual necessities of the people. One-half of the outgoing cargo was also required to be devoted to Government account, as was also one-half of the incoming cargo.

This, of course, somewhat curtailed the profits of the owners; but still there was always a margin sufficiently large to pay

them for the great risks and dangers attached to the trade.

Blockade-running was carried on almost entirely by private concerns, of which the Bee and Frasier Companies, of Charleston, were most successful, and consequently they reaped a rich harvest. The rebel Government owned a few vessels engaged exclusively in blockade-running, the most successful of which was the Robert E. Lee, formerly the Giraffe, belonging to the Glasgow & Belfast Steamship Line. She was a fast side-wheel steamer, and under the command of Capt. Wilkinson, formerly of the U. S. Navy, made upward of 20 successful trips. She was at last captured by the U. S. S. James Adger while attempting to run into Wilmington.

There were quite a number of other vessels that distinguished themselves by the number of successful trips they made, but



A BLOCKADE RUNNER.

like the pitcher that went to the well, made one trip too many, and extinguished themselves.

Having given the reader a chapter on blockade-running, let us turn now to the blockaders, and see what they did to put down the illicit traffic, and at the same time show that one Yankee trick was worth two by Johnny Reb and his English coadjutor. To meet the handiwork of the

PRETENDING NEUTRAL, John Bull, was a task which taxed our Navy Department to the utmost, and added much to the cares and perplexities of the much-abused Secretary; and although no degree of watchfulness on the part of commanders of blockading vessels could prevent entirely the illicit trade, it was made exceedingly hazardous for the runners, and in many cases proved disastrous to those who engaged in it.

With the opening of hostilities terminated the freight and passenger traffic to all the Southern ports; namely, Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, and Richmond. The first five named were of the most importance to the rebels, as it was at those ports that infractions of the blockade were principally effected.

As the war progressed, and with the fall of New Orleans and the close blockade of Mobile and Charleston, Wilmington, N. C., became the most important port of them all. It was here that England kept the flame of Secession burning until it was completely snuffed out by the triple line of blockade and capture of Fort Fisher.

Most of the steamships owned by the coastwise steamship companies were bought or chartered by the War and Navy Departments, the fastest of which were converted into gunboats, while the slower were used as transports.

Among the fastest of the steamers purchased by the Navy Department, and which subsequently distinguished themselves as captors of blockade-runners, were the following-named: Santiago de Cuba, Connecticut, De Soto, Keystone State, Bienville, Quaker City, R. R. Cuyler, Rhode Island, Nippon, and a number of others not necessary to mention, but who did all that lay in their power to render blockade-running a very perilous business.

If the reader will examine a map of North America, and

DRAW A LINE from Cape Charles, Va., to Bermuda Islands, thence to Nassau, in the Bahamas, continuing on to Havana, Cuba, across the Yucatan Strait, thence across the Gulf, and terminating at the mouth of the Rio Grande, he will have a clear view (in the space between the line drawn and the coast line of the Southern States) of the field of operations of the blockade-runners, the cruisers, and blockading fleets; and it was within this area that some of the most valuable prizes were captured during the war. A



LEADING THE BOARDERS.

review of the work done by some of the cruisers and blockaders may not prove uninteresting even at this late day.

Among the most noted captors of blockade-runners the Santiago de Cuba stands at the head. She was a large side-wheel steamer, purchased by the Government from the merchant-marine, and converted into a cruiser. The most valuable of her prizes was the steamer Victory, captured in the Summer of 1863, and sent into Boston for adjudication. Shipward cargo of cotton were sold for \$306,400.

Her next prize, in point of value, was the steamer A. D. Vance, captured in September,